



W. F. Allen

A LIFE SKETCH
OF
Rev. and Mrs.
Wilbur Fisk Glenn, D. D.

An Autobiographic Outline, written
for their Children and
Grandchildren.

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A FOREWORD

IN WRITING these records and life sketches my wife and I have had to depend largely on memory for what is stated. Even the old family Bible records at our command are not complete. Nor have we kept any notes of events in our own lives, as it never occurred to us that we might be called to write anything of our career. We had our ideals of life and we were perhaps too much absorbed in trying to reach those ideals in our family and in helping the people among whom we labored to think of making records for future generations. We have not attained to those ideals, but they have helped us to live more useful lives than would have been possible without them. We have tried to make the Bible our guide-book and the life of Christ our model, and while we know that we are very imperfect specimens of their development, we are glad that we have had their help. They have always directed us to the

higher life and to the Divine source of help in reaching that life. Had we adhered to these more closely we would have been more successful in all our efforts.

We indulge the hope that our children and grandchildren will continue these records, and at the same time try to secure further information concerning our ancestors in the centuries past.

W. F. G.

March 20, 1913.

A Short Sketch of the Life of Rev. W. F. Glenn

IN READING this brief record of my life it will be noticed that I sometimes give incidents or make explanations that may appear trivial or unnecessary to the mature and better informed members of my family. Their pertinence will be seen, however, when you remember that the conditions in my earlier life were quite different from what they are to-day, and that in writing I hope to interest and perhaps profit the little ones as they come along. Let me confess, too, that I have long hesitated to undertake this task because it was so eminently personal, and I had always regarded it unseemly for one to talk much about himself. I do not like any speaking or writing when the ego, the I, appears all the time at the front. But the claim of my children that they wished to know more of my early life and ancestry, and to hand the

information down to their children, is a just one; and so I make these chronicles as best I can.

I was born on April 5, 1839, in Jackson County, Georgia, three miles from Jefferson, the County seat; and was given the name of Wilbur Fisk, for Dr. Wilbur Fisk, the president of Wesleyan University in Middletown, Ct. Though it was an honor to bear the name of that good and distinguished man, yet for a long time I did not much like it, because it was not familiar in my circle and the school children and others would twist it into so many forms as to disgust me. My father was Rev. John Walker Glenn, the son of James Glenn, who came from North Carolina to Georgia before my father was born in 1794 in Oglethorpe County. My grandmother Glenn was a Callahan and of Irish descent. The Glenns are of Scotch ancestry, and, as far as I can learn, all those in this country descended from three brothers, who came over, perhaps from England, and settled in Virginia about the year 1660. From which one of

these brothers our family descended I have never been able to learn. It is said that the name in Scotland was originally McGlenn, and then became Glen, Glene and Glenn. I never saw my Glenn grandparents, as they died before I was born, or soon after.

My mother was Mary Jones, the daughter of Edward Jones, and was born in Virginia and came with her parents to Georgia when she was quite young. She disclaimed being one of the celebrated "F. F. V.'s" (First Families of Virginia), but we often accused her of being so distinguished and insisted that she should claim her hereditary honors. When I was about thirteen years old I went with her to visit her parents then living in DeKalb County, near Decatur. This was the only time, as far as I know, that I ever saw these grandparents. I learn that they were of Irish ancestry. My mother was a true and heroic helper, a home-maker, devoted to her husband and children in all their interests and relations, and also a neighbor whom all her neighbors esteemed. Until my brothers grew up, it

was often her lot to look after the farm and hands while my father was away on his long trips, and she proved herself a good farmer. She was also a true Christian, having great faith in God and trying to bring up her children in that faith. Often, when I came into the house and looked for her, as was always the first thing with me, I would find her in a quiet room on her knees. At times, too, she would carry me with her into those quiet communions with God. My father was my counsellor, my mother was my home. She had three brothers and one sister: Robert, John, Richard and Martha Jones.

Our family was a large one, consisting of parents and ten children. Francis Asbury, the oldest child, was a farmer; Eliza Ann became the wife of Rev. G. J. Pearce; Elizabeth died in early girlhood and was buried in Jefferson before I was born; Mary Eveline remained single and lived at the old home and then with my family until she died; Joshua Nicholas was a lawyer; Martha Jane remained unmarried; John Wesley was a teacher and college professor; James

Russell was also a teacher; Emily Caroline married William Woodson and moved to Willis and then to Houston, Texas, where she died and was buried, and last of all came my humble self. This was a happy family as long as we were together, and it always seemed to me that there was room for as many more.

In his early manhood my father was a millwright, building mills and other machinery of that kind. He was a man of very vigorous mind, though of limited early education. But he was all his life a constant reader and close student, and in that way he became one of the best logicians, theologians and legal authorities in our State and church. Just after he died Bishop McTyeire said to me that he considered my father one of the best ecclesiastical lawyers he had ever known. Before he entered the ministry the people had confidence in his ability and elected him judge of the inferior court. He was licensed to preach in 1826, and remained a local preacher and elder until 1835, when he joined the Georgia Con-

ference of our church. As soon as he was admitted into full connection, because of his administrative and preaching ability, he was appointed presiding elder of the Cherokee District. His district was a very hard one, embracing nine or ten counties and, as the Indians had just been removed from one section and the mountain people were excited over the discovery of gold deposits around them, his work needed a cool head and master hand. Twelve years ago I was holding a quarterly meeting near Villa Rica in Carroll County, when I was shown some records of quarterly conferences, with my father's signature, held only a few miles from that place in 1838, the year before I was born. Those were sacred pages to me, and I tried to secure them as my own, but could not. The man holding them has since told me that he intended placing them in the Wesley Memorial collection.

With the exception of four or five years just before he died, my father was kept in the presiding elder's office all the time. For many of those years, as there were no rail-

roads, his mode of travel was on horseback or in a sulky. On horseback he carried his saddlebags, in which were his clothes, books and other needed articles. His sulky was a two-wheeled vehicle with a high seat, and behind was an iron rack on which he strapped a small trunk. He was usually on his district from four to six weeks; then a few days or a week at home, and off again. Later he had a buggy made especially for his rough driving. There was no top on it, as tops to buggies were hardly known in those days, but he had a large cloak made of rubber cloth that extended from his neck over the dashboard in front and over his trunk behind. In that way he could defy the rain and snow all day long. He always had a good horse, of which we were all very fond. His work often carried him over the Blue Ridge, and his experience in hard travel and night lodging was often very interesting. Many times he would stop with families where they lived in a log cabin of only one room. In that room they cooked, ate, entertained their company and slept.

They had to retire to rest by sections, one section stepping out in the open air while the other made ready.

For twelve years he was first on the Macon district, then the Savannah, then back on the Macon. We lived then in Floyd County, and as railroads were more common, he travelled much by rail. We lived twelve miles, however, from Rome, the nearest railroad point, and for years it was my duty to carry him in a buggy or wagon to and from that place. There was but one train a day, and that usually left Rome at six in the morning. In the summer and autumn when the roads were good it was very pleasant to hitch up at three o'clock in the morning and drive the twelve miles; but in the winter it was terrible. Four miles an hour was fast travel, and many times the cold was so severe that I thought I would freeze.

The esteem in which my father was held in his Conference was manifested by the fact that almost as soon as he was eligible according to the law of the church, he was elected a delegate to the General Confer-



JOHN WALKER GLENN
(My Father)

ence, and was continuously re-elected as long as he lived. He was a member of the noted Conference of 1844, when the Methodist Church was divided. I did not take much interest in the momentous actions of that body, mainly, I suppose, because of the mental conditions of a boy only five years old. That which did interest me tremendously, however, was the fact that when my father returned home he brought me two toys, the first I remember to have owned or seen. One was what they called a French horn, a little crooked tin horn, painted red, such as is hardly noticed these days. The other was a monkey, made to run up and down a rod. These toys made me famous for a year or more in my little world. The children would come for miles around to admire and play with them.

I return to my early life, about which it seems to me there was nothing remarkable. I suppose that I was a normal country boy, not very strong but full of life and activity. The home and farm was my world, and I thought but little of anything beyond. The

first ambition that I recall was to get big enough to be trusted to do things, especially to drive the horse and buggy. That seemed to be a great step toward being a man. When I reached that stage the next definite ambition was to drive the two-horse wagon. That was a more important feat and would mark a decided advance toward manhood. By degrees I came to it, and for a while it was a great delight to handle the reins and whip and feel the joy of driving two horses. But I got more than I wanted of that job before I was through with it. Prior to this, however, I had become an expert horseman and, as all my attainments had to be utilized, I was made postman, mill boy, and general errand courier for the family. That was all very pleasant, being so much like play. When the time came for me to do some real work it appealed to my pride and gratified me very much for a while. But the novelty of work soon wore off and then the attraction was gone. I did like to plough, but I think that was the only work for which I had any particular fondness. I now think

that I must have been lazy. I know that it was a great trial later on, when, after going to school all the week, I was made to work the garden on Saturday, instead of going fishing as I had hoped to do. Walking three miles to school and back every day during the week seemed to me to be work enough for one boy.

But my world gradually widened and enlisted my interest more and more. I knew every spot of the farm and what was on it, every horse and cow and sheep, all the roads and paths leading to the neighbors' houses; but the neighboring village grew more attractive and I became more interested in the enterprises there. The old stage coach, too, that passed our home four or five times a week, going from Gainesville to Athens and back, widened my vision and sprang a new ambition for me: I wanted to be a stage driver, and have the joy of driving four horses and seeing the limits of the world. I could hardly take it in that the limits extended beyond those towns. My stage driving ambition was never realized, but in the

course of time the great event of my life came to me. My brother went to Athens with a load of wheat for market and they allowed me to go with him. It was only about twenty miles, but it required two days to go and return. Every hour of that time was a revelation and a joy to me; except in camp that night, when for an hour or so I felt that I was too far from home. But the sun next morning dispelled all my depression, and I went home with enough to talk about for years to come.

We lived in Jackson County until I was about fourteen years old, though it seemed to be more like it had been a thousand years. It was by far the longest period of my life, extending back to the beginning of all time. There were three great seasons in each year to which I looked forward with great eagerness. One was watermelon and peach time; another was camp-meeting time, when we went to Dry Pond camp-ground, where we had a large tent, and remained for about a week; and the third and greatest of all was Christmas. The trouble, however, was that

it seemed nearer a century than a year from one Chirstmas to another, and so with the other seasons. I had not much need for money, and yet I liked now and then to have a little about. So at long intervals, when I could get a team, I would cut wood and haul it to town and sell it for fifty cents a load. That was my first financial venture.

There were two work shops on the place; one we called the wood shop, where there was a full set of tools for all sorts of wood work; the other was a blacksmith shop, with tools for working in iron. There nearly all of the work needed for the farm or house was done, and while I was yet small I learned to handle tools and make most of the implements for farm and home use. Nearly all of the food and clothing was raised and prepared at home. Sugar, coffee, salt and syrup, and now and then a dress or suit of clothes was about all that was purchased abroad. They raised cotton and wool and carried them through the whole process until they were made into garments for the family or servants. Some first rate fabrics,

too, were turned out from the loom then, fine jeans for the boys and men and checked and striped goods for the girls and women. I never had a "store suit" until I was nearly grown; and long after my "every-day clothes" were brown or gray home-made jeans, even when I was at Emory College.

In 1850 my father bought a farm in Floyd County, near Cave Spring, and my brother Frank went there with some of the negroes and took possession. Three years later he sold out in Jackson and moved all his family to Floyd. Our home there was a two-room log house with two half-story rooms above and a rough kitchen in the rear. There we lived for two or three years, when father bought an adjoining tract of land of three hundred acres, making in all about seven hundred acres that he owned. On this new purchase we built a four-room framed house for a temporary dwelling, and then for a kitchen and work rooms. We lived in that house until we could build the permanent dwelling. It was decided that we should have a two-story house of eight

rooms, and that it should be of brick throughout, and brick made at home and by the home force. My brother Frank was a man of resources, and was in charge of the brick-yard. My part of the work mainly was that of hauling water three or four hundred yards for the brick making. For that purpose I was given a cart with two barrels on it and a yoke of oxen to draw it. You may not know it, but driving oxen is not very conducive to patience or good temper. I will not detail my experience with that team, but with several runaways and other obstreperous conduct on the part of those oxen I had a good deal of mental and physical exercise.

But the brick were made, and the house was now to be built. In that work a mason was employed to take charge, and it was carried forward to completion. My services were not particularly required in the building, so my business was at school. But there was a large quantity of brick left after the dwelling was completed, and during my vacation and when the crops were "laid

by," my brother Frank and I concluded to build a brick smoke-house and store-room. We laid all the brick, with the aid of one or two hands to make mortar, put on the roof and finished off a very neat job.

Our move to that section opened up a new life to me. My world was enlarged most wonderfully, and I began to feel that I was a considerable factor in it. One thing, however, still troubled me very much. The world's secrets that I wanted to know, and especially those of the world of literature seemed to be an impenetrable mystery to me. I had had a year or two in school at Jefferson under Prof. G. J. Orr, afterward professor of mathematics in Emory College, and then the first State School Commissioner of this State. He was one of the best teachers I ever knew, and he began to give me some intelligent insight into the great field of learning. But still, how little I knew and how hard the way seemed. In Floyd, while I worked on the farm at times, my main business was in school at Cave Spring, nearly four miles away and to which

I had to walk each day. There I had another fine teacher, an old pupil of Dr. Orr. He helped to open my vision until the meaning of literature dawned more fully upon me, and from then the task that challenged me became clearer and more interesting.

During my school days in Floyd County we had a fearful epidemic of typhoid fever, the cause of which we never knew. My brother Russell and sister Eva were very sick for many weeks. There were also twenty-five or thirty cases among the negroes, and several deaths. My mother, sister Mat and I did the nursing of my brother and sister and we superintended the nursing of the sick negroes. There were some fairly good nurses among the servants, to whom we could trust most of the care of the sick; but the giving of medicine and any special treatment of the cases we attended to ourselves. You will understand that our negroes were members of our family, and hence when they were sick or in trouble were treated as such. I loved those negroes, and in this ordeal of

fever, when I would get in from school and often through the night I would make the rounds among them, giving medicine and such other attention as was needed.

I pursued my studies at Cave Spring until January, 1857, when I went to Emory College and entered the Freshman class half advanced. Having now a little more self-confidence, I determined to devote myself to my studies with all the energy that was in me, and to master every lesson as it came, and that without assistance except what was in the text-books. Adhering to this course, I soon came up with those at the front in the class, and, by hard work, held my place there as long as I remained in the College. I found that my mind was not quick to apprehend, and hence what progress I made must be by persistent effort, which I determined to keep up. We had no organized athletics in the College at that time, but we had our sports in town ball, bull-pen, cat, running, jumping or leaping and other games. In that way the whole student body had about as much exercise as was needed, and without

the violent effort and demoralizing results that too often accompany the modern games. I was slender in stature, but I could hold my hand with the best athletes in many exercises.

I remained at Emory until I completed the Junior course of study, and then went to Auburn, Ala., where the East Alabama College was just being organized and where my brother John W. was elected professor of mathematics. I there joined the Senior class with four other young men. The college opened with fine prospects, and was encouraged by having a Senior Class the first year, which was unusual with any school up to that time. During the year I assisted in organizing the Wirt Literary Society, now in existence, and wrote its original constitution and by-laws. I also delivered the first public oration in connection with the College on Washington's birthday, and graduated at the end of the year with the first honor and the degree of Bachelor of Arts. A few years later I received the degree of Master of Arts from that College, and in

1886 the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Alabama Polytechnic Institute. I may remark here that owing to the impoverished condition of the supporters of the old college after the war, it was in 1872 donated to the State of Alabama and became the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, now one of the most flourishing educational centers in our Southland. The history of the two schools are made one, and the alumni of the old College are numbered with those of the later institution.

After graduating in 1860 I taught school and read law for about six months, when the civil war was declared. I then resigned my school and went to our old home near Cave Spring, and a few days later joined the Rome Light Guards, which was being organized for service in the Confederate army. The company was composed of the best young men of Rome and the country around. It was at once offered to the government and was soon accepted and ordered to Richmond, Va. Reaching that place it was made Company A, Eighth Georgia Regiment, with

Frank Bartow as Colonel in command. Our company was armed with rifles, drilled in the rifle and zouave tactics, and for that reason was often used in skirmish duty in front as well as in line of battle.

Our regiment when organized was ordered to Harper's Ferry, where an advance of Yankee forces was expected. In a few days after arriving there it was learned that the enemy had changed his route, and we were ordered back to Winchester to guard that section and meet threatened attacks. There we remained several weeks, doing picket duty, sending out scouting parties and preparing for the general engagement, which was now manifestly near at hand. Winchester was a beautiful town, situated in a most beautiful and fertile valley, and for a little while we were literally "up to our knees in clover." The clover fields were in their splendor, and our camp being in one of those fields, for a few nights we had fragrant and luxurious beds by spreading blankets on top of the clover and sinking down in it. But soon the clover was

trampled down, and old mother earth became again our resting place.

We were not allowed to remain long in that delightful place. Soldiering was to begin in earnest. About noon on July 18th we were ordered to prepare to march immediately. Gathering such rations as we could, in about an hour we were on the line of march for Strasburg, where we expected to take a train for Manassas. We were having a "forced march," and a little after midnight we reached the Shenandoah River, which at that point was about a hundred and fifty yards wide and about waist deep. The infantry had it to wade, but after the hot afternoon and night march we found the wading very refreshing. About day light we halted for a rest and, as our company happened to be just in front of a country church, I stepped up to the door, with one or two others, and lay down with my head on a stone and had a delightful hour of sleep.

We then resumed our march for the station and the cars. I may say here that we

were not expecting any Pullman, or even ordinary passenger coaches. When we could get a box car, a stock car, a flat car, or any sort of a car we thought ourselves fortunate. And that condition obtained throughout the war. But we were disappointed for many weary hours in our car expectations. Troops were being rushed to Manassas from all directions and the railroad resources were being taxed to the utmost limit. Our regiment reached Manassas, however, late Saturday afternoon, July 20th. Our rations were exhausted, but we were ordered out to where it was thought the line of battle would be, and with the promise that the rations would follow immediately. They did not reach us, and the whole regiment was in a bad way. My messmate and I each had a biscuit and a little ground coffee. That was before the coffee was all exhausted in the Confederacy. We divided one biscuit, each ate his half and drank a little coffee and then lay down to sleep. When day began to dawn Sunday morning we were aroused by the "long roll"

(the signal for battle). We had time to eat our other biscuit and drink some coffee before the order came to fall into ranks and march.

We were off at a double-quick, and in that way went two or three miles, halting several times for orders, and then on again. Our brigade finally came into line with troops from different directions. Some of the artillery was already in place and engaged in brisk firing on the enemy. Our regiment happened to be in a slightly depressed ground just between two batteries that were having a fierce duel, and while we waited the order to advance the shot and shell were whizzing and screaming over our heads, and you may understand that the noise was not very musical to our ears or quieting to the nerves. Very soon, however, our company was ordered in advance and deployed as skirmishers to hold in check the enemy in front of us. As we advanced we came under the galling fire of the opposing force and the shot and minie balls were zipping about our ears and cutting the dust and

grass heads about our feet in a furious manner. But we gained position in the outer edge of a pine grove immediately in front of a large force of the enemy, entrenched behind a fence. We were ordered to lie down and fire and then to continue to load and fire according to tactics. The enemy was held in check, but a fearful storm of shot was poured upon us. We lost five men instantly killed, two of them almost in hand touch of myself, and others were more or less seriously wounded. Our Colonel Bartow, who was that day acting as Brigadier General, was killed early in the engagement.

We held our perilous position until a large flanking force of Yankees was about to cut us off from our main line and we were ordered to fall back and resume our place in the regiment. By this time the battle was on in earnest and at all points. As to how it raged and the complete victory gained by our army, there are so many accounts in the histories of the war and far better than any I could give, that I will not attempt to describe it. In fact a private in the ranks,

especially in the infantry ranks, can see but little of what is going on in a great battle except that which is just around him. At any rate there was a complete stampede of the enemy, and many thought that our army should have pursued them into Washington. I have always believed, however, that our men in command knew more about the conditions than I or perhaps anyone else knew.

As I am only giving a little account of my personal life, I will say that after the battle was all over and we had assisted as far as we could in caring for the wounded, late in the afternoon I began to feel some of the demands of hunger, having eaten nothing but a biscuit since early the day before. I wandered up to a house not far away where I found an old lady baking biscuits. I happened to reach her when she had just taken off an oven full. I bought a dozen and proceeded to devour them. I had consumed eight of the number and would no doubt have finished the dozen, had not a fellow soldier appeared and, as he looked hungry too,

I gave him the remaining four and left him smiling.

Following the battle there was a heavy rainfall. But during the night and for several days we were engaged in sad duties, burying some of the dead, shipping the bodies of others home, and writing letters to afflicted families. We then went into a camp down on Bull Run creek, along the banks and near which the battle was fought. Hostilities had ceased, and we remained there for sometime. Before many weeks were ended sickness broke out in our camps, caused they said by the water we used from the creek being contaminated by dead horses and other debris of the battle. They called the sickness camp fever, but it was much the same as typhoid fever. There were many cases of it, and before long I became a victim with the others. For four or five weeks the fever held me, though I was all the time able to walk to the surgeon's tent every morning for treatment. Finally Dr. Miller (Dr. H. V. M. Miller, of Rome, Ga., our regiment surgeon), said to me that the fever

could not be broken there, and that I must go down to Gordonsville, where we had a temporary Georgia hospital. With the aid of a comrade and ambulance I reached Manassas and took the train for Gordonsville. Arriving there the surgeon in charge informed me that the hospital was full, but I could go to the hotel nearby and he would attend me there. I found the hotel a very clean and pleasant resting place, kept by an Americanized German named Omohondro. He readily took me in, and he and his young daughter were very kind and attentive to me during my stay. The doctor visited me every day for about a week and then, the fever being broken, said he would turn me over to Mr. Omohondro and his cooks. Under their kind care and royal but judicious feeding my health and strength was rapidly recovered and I was back in camps in about three weeks from the time I left them. My stay at the hotel consumed a good deal of my thirteen dollars a month, the pay of a private soldier.



W F. GLENN
(1861)

As there was no general movement of our part of the army of Virginia, we remained near Manassas for a month or two longer and then went into winter quarters at Centerville, some six or eight miles from the station. Our quarters were in the Sibley tents we still had, but which were left behind for all time the next year in the long and rapid movements we had to make. While at Centerville I, with many others, had the mumps, but we were soon over it and at duty again. The daily drill, guard and picket duty, scouting and now and then raiding parties, constituted the sum in general of our work during our stay in that place. Before the winter was over we were on the march again and we found the Virginia snow and ice no pleasant companions. Often the snow would cover us while we were trying to sleep at night. After several months, finding that the Federal forces were massing at Norfolk and Yorktown, we were ordered at once to the peninsula near those places to meet them. We went by rail to Richmond, and then down the James River in long boats used

for carrying coal and other freight and drawn by steam tugs. We were all night and part of next day packed down in the hold of these rough vessels with no chance to see out and but little to rest. But the trip was made, and a hard life awaited us. Our forces were constantly engaged with the enemy and under fire almost day and night from the Federal gunboats and batteries. The shot and shell were crashing and bursting through the woods and about us in such way that most of our men were compelled to remain in trenches and fortifications all the time. The land was low and wet and often the men were for days in the water. Many of them were made sick, I among the number. I tried to tough it out, but finally had to give up and return to Richmond.

There I was in the Georgia Home for some time, gaining a little in health and then relapsing. After several weeks I was sufficiently recovered to move and was sent to a private house to make room for other sick or wounded. I was taken in by Mr. Tyler and his family and treated as a son and

brother. They were a large family of cultured people, of high social standing, and devout members of the Episcopal Church. Mr. Tyler and his sons were large dealers in jewelry, silverware and other articles in that line. I remained with them a few weeks, and when I left they insisted that I visit them whenever I had an opportunity. They remained good friends, and I had many pleasant evenings with them before the war closed.

When I was able to do some service Dr. Campbell, of Augusta, Ga., then surgeon in charge of all the Georgia hospitals in Richmond, and Dr. Millican, of First Georgia hospital, asked that I consent to be detailed to assist in caring for the sick and wounded, as they did not believe that I could stand the field service any longer. I finally consented, and they had me appointed Hospital Steward, whose duties were to purchase supplies, employ nurses, matrons and other hands, and perform all duties of a manager of the business department. Doctors Campbell and Millican and many other

Georgia surgeons became my warm friends and showed me every kindness as to my health and in our business and social relations. And this friendship was continued when we had all returned to Georgia after the war ended.

The hospital work was not what I would have chosen, but if I could not be a soldier in the field I must be a soldier somewhere. I remember that, when I was growing up, long before the war came on, I often thought that I would not live long. Why this impression came I do not know, except that while I was always active and ambitious, I was frail in body and often felt depressed. I did not believe that I could hope to achieve the great things that often fired my ambition, but I remember well the feeling that if I could live thirty-five or forty years and do some of the things that a man ought to do, it would bring me nearer to satisfaction. I had my life plans, but they were always held as conditional. But when the war came on all else was absorbed in the call of our country. I entered the first open door, and

joined the army determined to go as far as possible. For many months I was greatly encouraged by finding that I could march and endure the hardships of war with the strongest, and then by the fact that after the spell of fever at Manassas I gained in flesh as never before or since. I found later that it was not good flesh and did not stay with me. But I was still hopeful, and for nearly a year longer met all of the duties of a soldier. Then came our experience at Yorktown, and my tide of life changed.

I assumed my duties at the hospital with good courage and a determination to do what I could to relieve suffering and help our great cause. While engaged in this work I was often called by the surgeons to assist in operations and in looking after cases. That and other things induced me to study *materia medica* and pharmacy, on which I passed an examination. The life was a busy one, but as it exempted me from the extreme exposure of the field, it enabled me to give some care to my health and do full service all the time. Whenever op-

portunity offered I spent hours in the wards assisting the surgeons and helping the suffering ones in such manner as was needed. In this way I became somewhat efficient in administering anæsthetics and even in diagnosing and treating cases of sickness in emergencies.

I continued this work for a year or more, when I thought my health was sufficient to stand field service again. I was particularly anxious to be transferred to the engineer troops, then being perfected in organization. So in January of 1864 I began my efforts for the transfer. The surgeons in the hospital objected, both because they did not want me to leave the service with them, and because they did not believe I could stand the exposure in the field again. But on account of my insistence they finally signed my petition for transfer. The petition then went to the Surgeon-General for his approval. After some delay he wrote to the surgeon of our hospital to know if I was efficient in my hospital work. He answered that I was, and told me of it later.

The consequence was that a short time after I had a letter from the Surgeon-General saying that my application was disapproved. That letter is in my desk now.

This seemed to be the end of my ambition in that line. But as the weeks went by my mind constantly reverted to the fondness I had for civil and military engineering. In the meantime I was receiving some very flattering recommendations from men of high authority for a commissioned office in the Engineer Troops. Some of those letters are now in my possession. I was not disposed to give up my hopes, and at last I had an opportunity of reaching the ear of the Secretary of War himself, the final authority in all such cases. I stated to him my present position and why I wished to go into the other work, also the reason why my request did not come through the regular channel. He heard me patiently and seemed impressed, but gave me no immediate answer. After some further delay he sent me my transfer to the First Regiment of Engineer

Troops, and I was appointed a sergeant in Company K of that regiment.

By this time the year 1864 was considerably advanced. I went to the regiment at once and entered upon my duties. It was an interesting work, such as would enlist the life of anyone who had any fondness for military science. The prospects of my promotion to a commissioned office seemed encouraging. But my experience there soon revealed to me that I was facing one of the many mistakes of my life. My old enemy, the frail body, was telling me that I had again undertaken what I could not carry out. During the remaining months of the war I was able to do but little service and that in an irregular way. The disappointment was a sad one; and when it was so soon followed by the final defeat of our great cause, while I was glad that the carnage of war had ceased, it was all such a reversion of all my hopes that I have never cared to talk about it since.

About a year perhaps before the war closed I had a furlough to go to our home in

Floyd County. A few hours after I reached home we heard cannon booming up about Rome. We soon learned, as we expected, that there was a Yankee raid on that place, and that detachments of the force would be down in our valley. I did not want to be captured or cut off from my duties in Virginia. I found that there was a Confederate surgeon, Dr. Lackey, at Cave Spring, who was going through the country in his ambulance to Marietta and thus flank the raid. He readily consented to take me along. So almost before I had greeted my loved ones at home I had to say farewell and leave them again. We reached Marietta in good time. I had, as I remember, twenty days furlough, so I decided to run down to Auburn, Ala., and visit my brother John who was still teaching there.

The raid and my consequent visit to Auburn no doubt changed the whole destiny of my life. It was there I met a very beautiful and charming young lady, Miss Flora Harper, who was then assisting my brother in his school. She was the daughter of

George and Ann Harper and granddaughter of J. J. Harper, the first settler of Auburn and who gave the name to the place. Her mother's parents were William and Lucy Barnett, then residing in Auburn. My first impressions of this young lady were very alluring and serious. The encouraging reports of her coming from my relatives and friends confirmed and increased my serious impressions. In the course of time this charming lady agreed to be my life companion. We were not expecting to marry, however, until the war closed. But on December the 27th, 1864, the young lady's birthday, I was visiting her in the evening, when about 8 o'clock a terrific tornado struck the house we were in and tore it into fragments. Captain James Barnett, a wounded soldier, was killed in the wreck and all in the house were more or less injured. My young lady escaped with two broken ribs, and I with a slight scalp wound.

The wreck of this house caused a change in our plans. The family could get no house in Auburn in which to live; so they

decided to move to Hickory, Mississippi, where they had a plantation, purchased as a place of refuge, and to which they had already sent most of their negroes. I did not like for my intended to go so far away from my base of operations. My kinsman, Tom Glenn, saw the situation and being a warm friend of both of us, urged that we be married at once and that Flora remain in his home until I could come for her. We finally decided on that course, and on the afternoon of January 31, 1865, we were united in the Methodist Church in Auburn by Dr. Mark S. Andrews. My bride's family were staying for a few weeks in a little cottage a mile in the country while preparing to move to Mississippi. You may imagine that there was no great display in that wedding. The country by this time was so impoverished by the war that there was but little to be bought and none but inflated money with which to buy. I had no suit of clothes but the Confederate uniform that I had on, and it was rusty and considerably worn. Ordinarily that was so common as

not to be noticed; but as this was an extra occasion I wanted a little better outfit if it could be had. I finally borrowed a suit from my brother for the occasion. The bride was beautifully dressed in an eight hundred dollar poplin of gray and lavender, a hundred and fifty dollar pair of shoes, and other articles in proportion. Of course she was handsome. The only display was in the fact that the large church was packed with eager spectators, citizens and soldiers, to witness a war wedding.

During the remaining weeks of the war we had a varied experience which I will not attempt to relate. When peace was declared we were for a short time in LaGrange, Ga., with my sister, Mrs. Pearce, and family. We wanted to get to my father's home in Floyd County, but as Atlanta and all the railroads leading to and from that city were in wreck, it was impossible to go by that route. I had nothing but Confederate money, which was then worthless, and no other possession that was available to help me away. While in this dilemma the Con-

federate Commissary at LaGrange sent out a notice that there remained in his charge a few commissary stores, and if the old soldiers would call he would issue them to us. I went up and drew some flour and meat. I then heard that there was a man near the town who had a mule and buggy which I might possibly secure to drive home. I went out to see him, and finally traded him my flour and bacon for the hire of his team. He brought it in early the next morning and we at once began our delayed bridal tour. Our mule was a slow engine, and after the first few miles needed a good deal of persuasion to induce him to go even three miles an hour. We tried to reach the refugee home of my uncle, John Jones, the first night, but our mule was so slow that we had to seek shelter with a widow lady who kindly took us in and would not consent for me to send her any compensation. We reached my uncle's place during the forenoon of next day and saw some of his family for a few minutes. We worked our way through the day and the second night overtook us near

the home of Mr. Gus Young, of whom I had heard but never met. We stopped at his home and asked to stay all night. I told him who I was and my financial condition. I found that he knew my father and his family treated us with the utmost hospitality. On leaving the next morning he invited us to come to see him again, and never to say a word more about pay for our night's entertainment. With an early start we reached home about noon the third day.

After hiring a man to carry the mule and buggy back to LaGrange, we enjoyed the peace and rest at home for a week or two. Then came up the all-important question of making a living. From my early boyhood it had been my ambition to practice law. But I had only read Blackstone before going into the army, and even if I had been admitted to the bar, I had no means of living while I waited for clients. So I began to search for some other employment, and and after a while heard that they wanted a school at Van's Valley, some six miles from us on the road to Rome. I went to see the

patrons and soon organized a fine school, and entered upon my duties as teacher at once. We had a large number of eager and intelligent pupils, and a fine prospect of success in doing good, as well as making a living. For about a month I was happy in my work and in the prospect of being somebody and doing something for the world. Then came my old obstruction, another breaking down of my health. I tried to drag along with the work for a few days, but found it was impossible to go on. My sunshine of a few weeks was turned into darkness and gloom.

But my good wife bravely determined that she would fill my place until I could recuperate and resume the work. She rode the six miles on horseback every day and carried on the school duties and then rode back in the evening. She kept that up for a week or two. Meantime I went to Rome and consulted the best physician there, one of the most noted in the State, and a good friend of our family. He examined me thoroughly and finally said: "You have no

organic heart disease, as you thought, only a slight functional derangement there that amounts to but little." That made me feel better. Then he said, "But I suppose you want to know the truth." Then my heart sank back again, but I replied, "Yes," and he proceeded to say that the main trouble was in my lungs, and that my physical conformation and condition was all favorable to the development of tuberculosis. He then gave me to understand that if I would drink cod liver oil, eat fat meat and go to Florida, I might live a short time. I went home as thoroughly depressed and discouraged as a man could well be. But my father was a wise man and, as he didn't believe I had any such trouble, he soon gave me a little more courage by his reasonable opinions. We thought it best, however, to give up the school. Just then an old college mate of mine came along seeking an opening for a school, and I turned mine over to him.

What was now to be done? After considering the matter for a while my wife and

I decided to go on a visit to her parents and grandparents in Mississippi. I borrowed a little money from a neighbor, who was more fortunate in his war experience than most of us, and we started off. My Rome doctor said that I was going out there to get the chills and they would shake my bones to pieces. But we went and found the family in the pine woods, with some rich reed-brake land adjoining. My health began to improve slowly, and I exercised myself gradually by repairing some old furniture that was broken in the Auburn storm. Then, finding some beautiful dry, cherry lumber piled under an old shed, I concluded to make of it other pieces of furniture that the family needed, some washstands, wardrobes, a baby crib and finally a very respectable bureau. When the demand at home was met I made other pieces for sale in the little town near us. As my strength increased I assisted Maj. Barnett in erecting a sawmill in his pine lands, and that opened the way for me to go into house building. I took and completed several contracts in

the village, and others for framing houses and shipping them to Jackson and Vicksburg. Then a gristmill for grinding corn and wheat was wanted near the sawmill, which, with the help of a negro man, I built and started to grinding.

Thus my health continued to improve, and I came to believe that I might yet have some tenure on life, and hence to think again about a life vocation. I had joined the church in early life, and feeling later that it was my duty to preach the gospel, I was licensed to preach in 1865, though not expecting to make it a regular vocation. I had worked in the pine woods more than a year, when Bishop Paine came to preach in our village and stopped with us. He was an old friend of my father's, and when he found who I was he began talking to me about the great need for ministers in the Mississippi Conference and urging me to enter the work there. So when he left I was considering the matter, and when the Conference met, a few weeks later, I had decided to offer myself for service in the itin-

erant ranks; and in December, 1866, I applied and was "admitted on trial," according to the law of the church. Before this, that is on April 17, 1866, our first child was born and we named her Lucy for her great-grandmother, in whose home we were then stopping. She was a beautiful child, and was, of course, a great joy to us.

My first Conference appointment was to Vernon and Livingston, two small villages in Madison County, near Jackson. Those places were really only community centers for a once rich section of planters. They were a cultured people and before the war were highly prosperous. We found them much reduced in circumstances, but they were the most large-hearted and hospitable people I had ever known. The salary on that charge was seven hundred dollars, from which we had to buy a horse, pay house rent and the highest rates for all dry goods and food stuffs that we have ever experienced. We were there during the year 1867, and while I felt all the time that I was rendering very poor service in my new line of work,

yet we had cordial and delightful friends and a most pleasant time. The results of my labors were not what I had hoped, but were not altogether discouraging. It was in Vernon that we met the large Kearney family, one of the best in the State, and all of whom became our friends. It was also at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kinchen Kearney, with whom my wife stayed while I was preparing the way for moving to our next pastoral charge, that our first son, Thomas Kearney, was born, and was named for them and Dr. Thomas Phillips, our family physician and friend.

At the end of my first year there was a request that I be appointed pastor of the Fayette Circuit, which I was told was the banner Circuit in the Conference. The Conference session was held in Natchez, and there I passed an examination on two years' courses of study and was ordained a Deacon, and at the close of the session was appointed to Fayette Circuit. My duties there extended over seven churches located in the fertile hill country between Natchez

and Vicksburg and bordering on the Mississippi River. The negro population in that County was largely in excess of the whites, said to have been about five to one. The South was then in the awful throes of "the reconstruction period," which was almost as distressing and hurtful to our country as was that of the recent war. The "carpet-bag government," carried on largely by unscrupulous and unreliable adventurers, was in full force, and in our County and State we were in constant expectation of insurrections and other troubles on the part of the negroes and scalawags. It required several years for the general government to get its eyes opened to the situation and come to the relief of the subjugated South.

At the end of my first year in Fayette I passed my examination on the third and fourth years' courses of study and was ordained an Elder and admitted into full connection in the Conference. We remained on the Fayette charge for three years, and while there was a constant fearfulness hanging over me as to the safety of my family,

we had prosperity in all lines of church enterprise. I made it a point to be at home as much as possible, and when compelled to be away, my dear wife went cheerfully and bravely on with her duties. In fact, as was the case everywhere she lived, she had gained so many friends in the town and country around that she was not much alone at any time. My salary was a thousand dollars per year and a parsonage, the people were also liberal in donations, and yet living was so costly as to leave but little margins for saving money. I have in my desk some old receipts for flour at nineteen and twenty dollars per barrel, sugar twenty cents per pound, and other things nearly in proportion.

While in Fayette, on April 30th, 1868, I received a telegram with the sad news that my father had just passed away. There came to me at once a feeling of loneliness and bereavement, especially in that my wisest counsellor was gone. While there, too, on October 31st, 1869, we were blessed in the birth of our second son, whom we

named Walker for my departed father. Again during one of our years at that place there was a call for men to go as missionaries to California. I talked with my wife about the expediency of offering ourselves for the work, and she said she was willing to go anywhere that we were needed. I then concluded to consult our old friend Rev. J. G. Jones, one of the leaders in the Conference. I stated the case in detail to him. For some time after hearing me he said nothing. I then asked him what he thought of our plans. He drew a long breath and then said, "I think the devil is at the bottom of it." A moment later he continued, "It looks like we can never get a man who promises to help us here but the devil or someone else gets hold of him and wants to take him from us." His deliverance was like a cold bath to me, and I went home and told my wife that I supposed we had better not go to California. She asked, "Why?" I said that Brother Jones thought the old boy was at the bottom of it, and if that was true we had better let it alone. She

laughed, and said no more. That was not the only reason for our not offering for the California work, but we did not go.

During our last year in Fayette I became convinced that it was my duty to return to Georgia and look after the interests of my mother and two sisters, who were living at the home in Floyd County. Soon after my father died my mother became paralyzed and remained nearly helpless for seven years. My sister Mat also was in very poor health and remained so until her end. In addition, the business of the plantation was needing attention more than they could give. So in the autumn of 1870 I applied for a transfer to the North Georgia Conference, which was granted. At the Conference here I was appointed to the Cedartown Circuit for the year 1871, with the understanding that we were to live with my mother and help care for her and her farming interests. This gave me somewhat of double duty, and yet I soon had both duties so systematized that neither interfered with the other and both in a good measure prospered. My



MARY JONES GLENN
(My Mother)

mother improved somewhat in health and their finances were in better condition. While on the Circuit the new church in Cedartown was completed and dedicated and a large addition was made to the church membership in the charge. On October 24th of that year 1871 one of the greatest sorrows of our life came to us. That day little Lucy, our first-born, was taken from us. She was a beautiful and joyous child and had been like sunshine in our home. She was suddenly stricken with membranous croup a day or two before and in spite of all that could be done continued to grow worse until the end. It was heartrending to stand helplessly by and see her suffer and then pass out. But we will meet in the eternal home.

At the next Conference in November I was reappointed to the Cedartown Circuit. Just after that Conference, on the 20th of December, 1871, our son William Harper was born, and was named for his mother's family. The year '72 passed without any notable event, except hard work and a good degree of prosperity in the churches. When

the year ended and during the session of the following Conference, the Cedartown and Cave Spring Circuits were united, and I was given the charge, with Rev. J. W. Traywick, a local preacher, as assistant. We had twelve churches, scattered through the hills and valleys in a large territory. Most of these churches were poor in worldly goods, but they were an honest people and needed to be cared for. I knew that the work could not be well done, but I went at it, determined to help the cause as much as possible. In trying to accomplish the task, in holding services and visiting the people, I rode over five thousand miles, almost entirely on horseback. We succeeded somewhat beyond our expectation in building up and adding to the membership, and yet it was not what it should have been. During my two years on the Cedartown Circuit we paid all assessments in full and the salary of about six hundred dollars. On the combined Circuit we paid the assessments, and the salary for both preachers was seven hundred dollars.

During this year, 1873, another sorrow came to us in the death of my sister Martha, or Mat as we called her, there in our old home. She was a cheerful, affectionate daughter and sister, a noble Christian woman, and a heroic sufferer for a long time. She welcomed death as a sweet release from her sufferings.

At the next Conference our big Circuit was divided into three pastoral charges. Cedartown was made a station; Cave Spring became a half station with two churches attached; and the other churches were formed into a Circuit. I was then appointed to the Marietta station, where we remained for four years. The prospects there were not at first very inviting. The church membership was small and divided into two factions; they were about seventeen hundred dollars in debt for rebuilding the old house of worship, the parsonage was an old one of only four small rooms, with a rough cook shed in the rear; and worse than all, the spiritual life of the people was at a low stage. The salary during our four years

stay was nine hundred dollars per year. My first effort after seeing the situation was a two-fold one; to have the life of the church revived and to inaugurate a plan for paying off the old debt. I saw that the latter could not be done in one year, but a god part was paid that year, and all, except one hundred dollars, was paid before our time was out. We made special and strenuous efforts toward reviving the church but with little success, except in securing a more harmonious condition and cooperation, and that we were gaining the confidence and friendship of the people, which continued to grow and finally became a great help in all future enterprises. During that year, on April 20th, 1874, our daughter Mattie was born at the old home near Cave Spring and added much to our happiness. We named her for my sister who had died the year before.

My one main work for the second year was for the spiritual life of the church. Early in the spring we held a series of meetings lasting four weeks and resulting in one of the most sweeping revivals ever known

there, and in a large addition to the membership. Then for a few weeks I gave what spare time I could command to some needed manual labor. We had been crowded in our little four-room parsonage almost beyond endurance. So our good friend, Mr. Frank Graves, and I decided to make some additions. We secured a little money, bought some lumber, and went to work with no other help but that of a colored man and the man who did the plastering and a little bricklaying. We added two bed-rooms, a veranda and a cook-room. This made our home quite comfortable. And that, by the way, was the only parsonage in which we have lived since we came back to Georgia.

During the year 1875 my mother died, and thus another of the great disruptions in my life came to me. The dear old home, around which my life had so long revolved with my mother as the center of it, was my home no longer. After I had grown up and gone out into the world, it was my custom and delight to go back once a year to visit my parents; but now both parents and home

were gone. And yet, for many years after, I would often find that I had been unconsciously planning for my annual visit. When my mother left us, my sister Eva came to live with us, and was a much-loved member of our household. Sometime before this Lucy Harper, my wife's only sister, came to stay with us and attend Dr. Branham's College, as there was no suitable school near her home in Mississippi. She remained with us until she graduated in 1876. In October following she married Mr. W. E. Gilbert, a merchant in Marietta, and has lived there ever since. Another event of that period was the birth of our daughter Mary on July 27th, 1876, and she was named for my mother. We remained there through 1877, and I was gratified to see the church grow and prosper in all of its interests. The salary each year was nine hundred dollars, and notwithstanding we had a large family, we lived within its limits.

Our next point was Newnan, where we again found debt and a discouraged people. They had built a new church almost to com-

pletion, when they found they were twenty-four hundred dollars behind and could go no further. For a while it was hard to get them to believe that they could do anything; but gradually they assumed new courage and began to advance. The people were cultured and so cordial in their social treatment toward us that we were at once at home and ready for work. They had no parsonage but we soon rented a little home, the only one to be had, and it never took us long to settle down. The salary was only seven hundred dollars to start with, but that was in a year or two increased to a thousand. Before the end of the first year the debt was paid, the Conference assessments all raised and considerable progress was made in the religious life of the church. They then concluded that they could do everything, and from that on we had comparatively easy work. You may readily see, therefore, how the spiritual life of the church increased until in the summer of the third year we had a series of meetings of five weeks which enlisted all denominations in the town and

country for miles around, and resulted in a large number of conversions and accessions to the church. We never had a more prosperous and pleasant pastoral charge, and we all formed there many lasting friendships. Those friends were constantly sending us donations of useful articles; and one day the children were amused to see an old neighbor coming along with a handcart loaded with pumpkins for us. They were appreciated and used, but they were not all, by long odds, of that old man's donations to the preacher or the church. He was one of the most liberal men I have ever known.

I suppose that I have always been a coward in facing responsibilities. I have always wanted to be useful in many ways, and yet have never had much self-confidence. Perhaps that was because I felt my limitations too consciously. The responsibility of a life in the ministry of the gospel pressed heavily upon me in the beginning and has continued to grow until this day. When a little boy the old preachers would talk to me of following my father in his vocation. I

would put it away as impossible. I loved to ride the preachers' horses to water and to the stable, but I did not like their talk of *my* being a preacher. The responsibility there was far too great. But the highest and greatest responsibility of all is that of the family relation. And yet my one ambition in life was to have a large family and that we should all grow together in love for each other and in helpfulness to the world. Hence, while I recognized the increasing obligations, the birth of each child was a joy to me and a sign of God's favor. I knew that, in addition to the promise of Divine help, there was a mutual and helpful educative influence in a large family that was to be found no where else. Selfishness, the great enemy of mankind, has less chance to grow in a large family than in a smaller one, and children there have better conditions in which to develop into full-orbed men and women. Our children have been a great help and blessing to us in that way. You will know, therefore, that the birth of our

son, John Fisk, on September 12, 1878, was a new joy for all of us.

Coming back from this digression and resuming my chronicles, I would say that at the close of our third year in Newnan the prospects for the next year were bright. The church was in good condition and, they said, unanimously desired our return for the fourth year, with the promise of another increase in the salary and a trip to the Northwest and expenses paid. We all wanted to stay there. But our fond hopes went glimmering. At the Conference session Bishop McTyeire said I did not have enough flesh on my bones, and that I needed shaking up. So he appointed me Presiding Elder of the Rome District. It was a great disappointment, but my four years under military rule helped me to be loyal to church authority. The people at Newnan, too, were kind and said that as my new appointment seemed to be a promotion, they would not complain. It was trying, however, to leave that tender and sympathetic relation of a

pastor and his flock, and go into the cold, hard and more responsible relation of Presiding Elder.

There was no house to be had in Rome in which to live, so we went back to Marietta, then in the Rome District, where we met a cordial welcome from our friends and relatives. Soon after settling down there, that is on January 29, 1881, our daughter Flora came as new sunshine to our home. She was named for her mother. I was in charge of that District for three successive years, and with a yearly salary of from thirteen to fifteen hundred dollars, which after paying house rent and traveling expenses, left us close living. During the second year my sister and I bought a lot and built a house in Decatur, Ga., which we expected to rent to others until we might need it for our own home in case I was disabled for work. But as I was continued on the Rome District the third year we decided to move into that house. My work was more accessible from that place and it involved no more travel. On August 11th of that year, 1883, our son

Sidney Gilbert was added to our household and to our happiness. Our residence at Decatur was in every way pleasant, and without other event of special interest.

At the next Conference Bishop Pierce said to me that he expected to appoint me pastor of the First Church, Atlanta. I said nothing, but he saw that I was not well pleased and proceeded to speak of the fitness of the appointment, and at the close of the session announced it. Really, while it was to my credit to be thus trusted, I did not want the charge because I was just beginning to feel somewhat at home in the pastorate of smaller places and in district work, and did not wish to enter another experiment so soon. The pastorate of from twelve to fifteen hundred members and their families, with all the incidental obligations connected with it, was I knew more than any one man had ever yet accomplished with much efficiency, and naturally I hesitated to undertake the task. But a soldier's duty, whether in patriotic or church relations, was to obey orders, or die in the effort.

So I marshalled all the courageous forces I could command, and in December of '83 we came to Atlanta and, as there was no parsonage, rented a little house on Wheat Street near the church and I entered upon my work. The church was composed of many of the strongest and best people of the city. But I soon found that they were not using their strength as they should for the salvation of the masses around them. Hence at the first meeting of the stewards, when I was called on to make suggestions, I told them it was early for me to speak, but as they had requested that I do so, I would say that I thought they were spending too much time and strength on themselves as a church, and not enough for the unsaved in their section. They asked in what way. I said that I thought they should go down into that hard section on Marietta Street called "Brooklyn," and organize a Sunday-school and prayer-meeting and do other work for that people. The stewards treated the suggestion lightly; but at the meeting, a month later, I brought the matter more fully be-

fore them, and they then agreed to support me if I saw my way to begin the work. After some delay I enlisted the interest of Miss Sue Holloway, a maiden lady of great benevolent enterprise, and after further effort Mr. John Barclay agreed to join us. Thus the Marietta Street Mission, afterward called the Barclay Mission, began its career.

This mission work at once enlisted many of the best people of the First Church. Their zeal was soon fired into greater life and the results were being realized at every service. The poor people in that section, even several of the barkeepers, welcomed the efforts in behalf of their children and themselves, and entered into hearty cooperation. We found trouble at first in securing a house in which to hold the school and meetings. Seeing we were about to be disappointed the first Sunday, a railroad official and a good friend to our cause, proposed to let us use a railroad coach at Foundry Street crossing; and in that coach the mission Sunday-school was organized and

held for three Sundays. We then secured an old tobacco factory, where the school and other meetings were held for a while. That place was not conveniently located nor otherwise suitable. So we were looking for a better place and soon learned that a bar-keeper, said to have been under the influence of this mission work, decided to close up and go out of that business. The house he had occupied was such as we wanted and conveniently located. We rented it, fitted it up, and held our services there for many years.

I have given this detailed account because that work brought about a revolution in the First Church and in the missionary enterprise of the entire city. The success there incited other movements in many places and in other denominations, and the reactive influence sprung new life in all church enterprise. Going on in this way, the old First Church became alive, they said, as never before, and the third year was in a revival state all the time. Many people were converted both in the home church and down at

the mission; while the good otherwise done can never be estimated. One gentleman, prominent in city society, was genuinely converted in the mission services and threw his life into the cause there. He told them that he wanted to work, and if they had nothing else for him to do, as they were often disturbed by dogs coming into the house, "he would keep the dogs out."

The next enterprise was that of securing a long-needed pipe organ. It was decided that, as we were going at it, we would secure the best that was to be had. Col. R. F. Maddox, Sr., became very much interested in the matter and made a trip to several large cities and factories to get information as to the various instruments. He, with others, found the Rosevelt Company was the most noted, especially for the tone, on the improvement of which alone they had spent over a million dollars. It was decided to purchase one of that make, at a cost of a little over seven thousand dollars, including the machine for pumping it. It was found to be an excellent organ, and is used in the

new church at this time. I may add that, as usual, I found an old debt on the church, the paying of which and then redecorating the walls of the main auditorium completed my enterprise there in the material line, except in paying annually all the Conference assessments.

There were many delightful social attachments formed in old First Church, friendships that will never end. We had our afflictions, however, along with our encouragements. In the year 1886 our son Thomas had typhoid fever, though not a very severe case. He was only fairly recovered when Sidney was terribly afflicted with scarlet fever. About the same time, that is on May 27th, 1886, our little son Frank was born, and then in less than three months was taken from us. He was a fine, healthy babe, our physician said the finest child he ever saw; but a little inflammation began in his ear, not regarded by the doctors as at all serious, but in spite of all they could do, it extended to his brain and terminated his sweet little life on August 21st of the same

year. Meantime my wife, who had always been so healthy and helpful, was most painfully afflicted and almost entirely disabled for several months. During Sidney's sickness all of our children were in the house, but of course we kept them strictly away from the sick room, except Tom, who heroically insisted on helping me to nurse Sidney. We had no trained nurses here in those days, and of course our friends were not allowed to come in, except our good neighbor, Mrs. Barrow, who was immune and who came often and was an angel of mercy in our loneliness and distress. We used every disinfectant and precaution that we heard of to arrest the spread of the disease, and yet you may imagine the anxiety with which we watched the appearance of each child every morning and through the day to detect any symptoms of scarlet fever. But to our joy the time passed and no other case appeared. Then came the fumigation, and we were free again.

In all my ministerial career my rule has been to leave my appointment for each year

in the hands of the proper authorities; that is in the hands of the bishop and his advisers, under the guidance of the Lord. I never wanted to feel that I was responsible for my going to or staying at any place. Mistakes are often made in fixing appointments, but I always believed that if I was loyal and would do my duty the great Father would overrule any mistakes in my case for my good and the glory of His cause. Hence when I was removed from the First Church at the end of my third year, while it seemed an injustice to me and was a violation of the wishes of the members, I accepted it for the best and made the best of it. My removal was made at the instigation of one man, while the official board was unanimous, and they said the whole church was with them, in their request for my return for the fourth year. No one, not even the Bishop's advisers, knew that there was any thought of the change until it was announced at the close of the Conference session. The announcement was not only a great surprise to the church, but for several days after there was

trouble and talk of making a demand that I be returned to them. I succeeded, however, in quelling the trouble by telling them that the Bishop's action was within his authority and that we should be loyal to our church economy.

For the next four years, 1887-1890 inclusive, I was engaged as Presiding Elder of the North Atlanta District. It was a new District and most of the charges composing it were weak, and hence the prospect of having a living salary was not at all encouraging. For this reason I thought of moving to one of the small towns in the District, where expenses would not be so heavy. But many of our friends advised against it. I saw, too, that the work could not be well done from another point. The officials of First Church also proposed to pay one third of a larger salary, so as to give something nearer a living. So we remained in the city and endured the privations. I at once sold my horse and buggy, and later on we sold our place in Decatur. The District, the first year, paid something over thirteen hundred

dollars, and when you consider that house rent and traveling expenses were to be paid you will see that other expenditures had to be brought down to the last point. The District developed slowly, but even in the end did not pay us over sixteen hundred dollars.

The first of 1890 my sister and I decided to try again to secure a reserve home. She had some money from our father's estate and I borrowed more; we then bought a lot on Edgewood Avenue in Inman Park and erected a house on it. The house was completed early in the summer, and to save rent we moved into it. As my time was about out on the District we expected to move out of the city at the end of the year. Before the Conference came on, however, conditions were changed and we are yet here.

Our church paper, the Wesleyan Christian Advocate, was in 1890 put under a different order of administration, that is under a board of trustees elected by the North and South Georgia Conferences. The board met in October of that year and decided to move the publication of the paper from

Macon to Atlanta. Then, over my protest, they elected me as editor and adjourned and most of them went home before I was informed of their action. I at once refused to undertake the office, but during the night it came to me that I had always protested my loyalty to the church and to whatever duties she might call me. That caused me to consider again and finally to undertake the task. There I had before me another experiment, and a perilous one to me. The paper had only six thousand subscribers, was a thousand dollars in debt with no assets, was under a new administration, and more than all there was considerable dissatisfaction because the paper was moved from Macon. All this together with the fact that I had no experience in conducting editorial enterprises, caused me and others to feel that the chances for success were few indeed. Really I felt almost sure that nothing but failure was before me. There was nothing inviting about it. But as the church had called me to the place I again determined to succeed or to die trying.

The first issue of the paper brought forth many encouraging words. During the year we made a large increase in the list of subscribers, paid the old debt and all current expenses and had thirteen hundred dollars to our credit in the bank. This was no big work considering the resources of the church in the State, yet it inspired confidence and from that on we had a better support, although the alienated sections were never fully united.

During that year, 1891, we again had our afflictions. Walker had typhoid fever and was sick for several weeks. His case was comparatively light; but he was hardly recovered when Mattie was taken with the same disease and was fearfully sick for five or six weeks, a part of the time at the very point of death. When she was at her worst Mary was taken, and in about nine days, on August 6th, she passed away. She was dearer than life to me. Mattie knew nothing of her sister's sickness and death until some weeks after, when she was slowly re-

covering. This experience is too sad to write about, so I pass on.

My election as editor was for four years. At the end of that time I wanted to retire, as I still did not like the conditions that encumbered my work. But I was re-elected for another quadrennium, and at the end of that time for a third period of the same length. The office duties were trying and unremitting during the week, and nearly every Sunday I was called to one place or other to conduct service, often a hundred or more miles away. So I was working seven days a week, year after year. Those trips, however, afforded some diversion and relief from the constant office grind. But I found my health, which was still far from perfect, gradually giving way again and, as the old annoyances continued, in the middle of the third quadrennium I sent in my resignation. I felt, in fact, that ten years of such life under such ordeals was enough for any one man. We had largely increased the quantity of reading matter, improved the form and quality of the paper, the sub-

scription list was ranging from ten to twelve thousand, and we had money ahead each year. The board insisted that I continue the editorial duties in order to harmonize some conflicting elements, and I finally consented to do so under certain necessary conditions. The conditions were accepted, but in the end were not complied with; so I tendered my unconditional resignation and retired once for all.

In the summer of 1895, while I was in the Advocate office, Mrs. Ann Harper, my wife's mother, came to visit us, and that visit proved to be her last. She had long been afflicted with an incurable disease, and while in our home continued to suffer and decline until in November of that year she passed from us to her eternal home. She had always been quiet and retiring in disposition, but was ever active and untiring in her ministrations to her family and friends. She was a woman of noble Christian character, and spent her life in service for others. Her remains were carried to their home in Mississippi for interment.

While in school in 1899 our son Sidney was spending his vacation in working at the electric railway plant in this city. On August 5th he in some way came in contact with a great steel fan and had his right arm cut off above the elbow. The blow was terrible to us all, but he recovered rapidly, and while it involved a life-time privation to him, we hoped that his troubles from that source were ended. In a few years, however, he began to suffer pain in his shoulder and head. It was found that the nerves in the amputated arm had become diseased, causing him intense agony. This has continued for many years, and in the efforts to give him relief he has been, I believe, fourteen times on the operating table, sometimes for operations on his arm and shoulder and again on his head. This and other things caused his nervous system to become impaired and thus has prolonged his suffering.

When I left the editor's office I was again appointed Presiding Elder of the Rome District. As there was no parsonage in the district we remained in our home in Inman

Park. My work was continued there for two years, 1901 and 1902. Then the Bishop said that he did not think that at my time of life I should break up and move around again, but he wanted my work to be more convenient for me, and so he appointed me to the Griffin District. There was no parsonage on that District either, and as there were three railroads passing through it all converging in Atlanta, it was decidedly more convenient and expeditious to serve the charge from this place. Hence we still remained in our old home. For four years, 1903-1906 inclusive, I continued work on that District. It embraces a fine section of the State, but from some cause or causes it had not developed and was regarded as an inferior District in the Conference. We succeeded in getting a good lot of working preachers there for a time and at the end of the four years the District had so improved as to take rank with the first in the Conference.

At the end of my stay in that District, because of my impaired health I asked for

lighter work, and was sent as pastor to Decatur. There we remained for two years and had a successful pastorate. The Inman Park people then asked that I be appointed pastor of their church, and the appointment was made. The year was one of considerable success, resulting in nearly a hundred net increase in the membership. Before the year closed, feeling that my health continued to decline and being urged by my family to do so, I informed the officials of the church that I proposed to ask the next Conference to relieve me from active duty. But there came so many requests that I continue the pastorate for the next year as to cause me to consent to do so, and I was reappointed. The second year was also encouraging, but I could feel that I was not performing the duties as I thought was needed. Hence in November, 1910, I wrote the Bishop and Conference, asked to be relieved and to be placed in the superannuate relation, and the request was granted. Thus ended my forty-four years of uninterrupted active duty in the itinerant ministry.

In writing of this long period of my life, the itinerant period especially, the personal pronouns *I*, *my* and *me* appear too often both for modesty and justice. Most of it, however, is because in our church economy appointments and duties are indicated in the preacher's name. But I would have you know that, in whatever I did that was of any worth at all, there was a partner in the work who should share, in full measure, all credit that may have come. For forty-eight years there has been a good woman at my side who has had much to do with all that was commendable in me or in my work, beside the great part that she did herself. Her cheerful support and encouragement has been an inspiration to me that has kept me steadily going and hopefully working. Her universal popularity wherever we went, as well as the offices she performed for the church in her own capacity, opened a wider door for me and made my duties more easily performed. In addition, I never heard from her a word of complaint or objection concerning any appointment

that was assigned us, however hard or inconvenient it might be. And above all, she always kept a home for me and the children into which it was a joy to enter and live, and where I and the children found that which helped us to become wiser and better men and women. No man or preacher ever had a more helpful wife, and no children ever had a better or more devoted mother. And others have thought as I do about this. A few years ago our friend Mr. Frank Graves met me in Atlanta and asked about a sick member of our family. Then he said, "And how is Sister Glenn?" I told him she was as well as could be, having such cares on her. He then continued, "You know, I always have thought that she was a little better Methodist preacher's wife than you were a Methodist preacher." I told him that he was right, and it was just what I thought all the time; in fact, back of it all, I had asked her to marry me because I believed that she would become a better woman every way than I could ever become a man. What I have said but poorly expresses my appre-

ciation of the great blessing that my dear wife has been to me, but it may give you some idea of my obligation to her, and why I love her more dearly now than ever before.

Soon after I retired from active work, I submitted to a surgical operation, by a very skillful surgeon, which resulted in great relief and in marked improvement in my general health. Since my recovery I have been called to conduct services at one place and another nearly every Sabbath, and to perform other duties in various lines. It has been a great pleasure to be able to do something in carrying forward the cause that has so long enlisted my heart and life.

Many have considered it somewhat to the credit of a member of an Annual Conference for him to be elected as a delegate to the General Conference, which is the legislative body of our church, and meets once in four years during the month of May. Like some other elections, this may be one of doubtful honor; but, be that as it may, five times I have been called to represent my Confer-

ence in that dignified body; that is in 1890, 1894, 1898, 1902 and 1906.

During the last sixteen years the members of my father's family have passed away very rapidly. In 1895 my sister Lizzie (Mrs. Pearce) died and was buried in Decatur. In 1901 three of my brothers left us; first, early in the year my brother Nicholas died in Decatur and was buried there; later my brother Russell died in Tennessee and was buried in Cleveland, that State; and then my brother Frank died at his home in Floyd County and was buried in Cave Spring. In 1903 my sister Eva, who had so long lived with us, passed away and was buried in West View cemetery near this city. Then in 1904 my brother John, at that time staying with his son in Tyler, Texas, died and was buried in that place. There abides a sense of sadness when I remember that I am now the sole representative on earth of that large family.

It is remarkable for a Methodist preacher and his family to live in one place as long as we have lived in Atlanta. And yet you

have seen that for nineteen years my appointed work, without my will, was here, and that the conditions in the years following made it necessary that we remain. How much these years in Atlanta have influenced the destiny of our family we can never estimate. During the time our children have gone to school and grown up here, and most of them have married and settled here. I will say, too, that all of them who have married, here or away, have married well, and their wives and husbands have a warm place, the place of children, in our hearts. It might have been pleasant to have, at times, lived elsewhere; but I have always been submissive to the authority of the church, and at the same time prayed for Divine guidance in my appointments and in the discharge of my duties. Hence I accept our stay in Atlanta as being the best for my service to the church, and for me and my family. More than that, I am proud of my family.

In making this record, I have felt all the time that it is a very imperfect presentation



Flora Harper Glenn.

A Short Record of the Ancestors
of
FLORELLA (FLORA) HARPER
GLENN

WRITTEN BY HERSELF

SOME writer has said, "In the morning of our lives, our hopes and aspirations like our shadows lie before us, but when the noontide has been passed and our steps are tending towards the sunset, our thoughts and feelings like our shadows still stretch backwards toward the morning. Our interest in the old, old days increases with our added years and the glamour of the long ago grows stronger as we near the twilight."

The following data has been gleaned from various sources, most of it from records and entries in old family Bibles that have been heirlooms for a hundred years or more. The sweet old-time memories that made

deepest imprint on my heart and life reached down to me through voices of the past, when as a young girl it was my sweet privilege to have my grandparents and parents unfold to me the history of that past, a history of strong, loyal manhood with its struggles and achievements, linked with a true womanhood of self-sacrifice and loving service.

“Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,” and for a while we will wander in the land of “Long Ago.”

I know very little of the genealogy of my paternal ancestors; the meagre information I have, is mostly by tradition. I have made repeated efforts by inquiry and research to gather more of their history, but in these I have not succeeded as I hoped.

My Harper ancestors are said to be English. A number of these settled in Virginia, others in South Carolina and the children of some of these families came to Georgia and Alabama.

My great-grandmother Harper was the daughter of Nathaniel Jackson and their

home was in South Georgia. John Jackson Harper was her son and my grandfather; if there were any brothers or sisters I never knew of them. His mother was twice married, her last husband was Mr. Scott. Col. Nathaniel Scott, of Auburn, Ala., was grandfather's half brother.

Grandfather Harper married Fanny Ogletree, a sister of Philemon Ogletree, of Meriwether County, Georgia, and also of James Ogletree, of Auburn, Alabama. My grandparents lived in Elbert and Wilkes Counties prior to their removal to Alabama, where grandfather located the town of Auburn, laid off lots and gave the name to the place.

He was an enterprising, public-spirited man, specially interested in church and educational work, using his influence in every way to promote the best interests of the town. My grandparents were Methodists and reared their children in that faith.

I never knew much of my grandfather's business life, but I do know that at one time he was a cotton merchant in Montgomery,

Alabama, and possibly in Auburn. I have heard my parents speak of him as a popular, genial, sunny-hearted man, who had a smile and a kind word for all.

He had a large family of children and gave them every advantage in educational and social life that the times afforded. His chief happiness centered in his home and the loved ones there. The names of his sons are John, James, Thomas, William, George, Philemon, Wesley and Asbury. Philemon Harper graduated from Emory College and married Miss Mary Croft of West Point, Georgia. Wesley Harper married Miss Martha Harvey, of Auburn, and afterwards made his home in Hempstead, Texas. Grandfather's eldest daughter, Amanda, married Major Lyttleton Wynn; Mary married Dr. Robert Wynn and Fannie married Mr. William Davis. Some of these children with their families lived in Auburn.

Grandfather Harper was some years past middle life when he died and was buried with other members of his family in the old cemetery in Auburn.

Grandmother Harper, from my earliest recollection, was an elderly woman, possibly seventy years old. She possessed a bright, cheery nature and was active for one of her age. I never saw her idle, her hands were always employed with some work. She died in Auburn, which place had been her home for so many years and was buried in the town cemetery.

George W. Harper, my father, was born in Wilkes County, Georgia, November 23, 1819. On January 19, 1842, he married Ann Eliza Barnett at her father's home in Russell County, Alabama. Their children are: William F. Harper, born May 30, 1843, died January 26, 1847. Florella (Flora) Harper, born December 27, 1845, married Wilbur Fisk Glenn. George B. Harper, born June 15, 1849. His first wife was Miss Emma Longmire; his last wife was Miss Mattie Lou Barnett; he died in April, 1905. John J. Harper, born January 30, 1851. He first married Mrs. Dottie Blanks Davis; his last wife was Miss Sallie Thebaults; he died September 20, 1898. Rob-

ert F. Harper, born July 2, 1853. On reaching manhood he manifested a desire and determination to travel and see something of the world. He went first to Texas and remained there for a time, then farther out West. He was for several years engaged in mining interests in Arizona. The last news we had from him was a letter he wrote from Durango, Mexico, in 1905. James P. Harper, born February 3, 1856, died September 30, 1872. Lucy Frances Harper, born March 20, 1859, married Mr. William E. Gilbert, of Marietta, Georgia.

Our home and farm in Russell County, Alabama, was very near grandfather Barnett's plantation, the Uchee creek dividing the two places; cotton was the principal crop grown here; with the exception of flour, sugar and coffee, all the supplies we needed came from the farm. I loved the out-of-door, country life, and often accompanied my father when he was overlooking the farm work. The cotton fields with their wealth of white, fleecy staple was my special delight. The adjoining hillsides were cov-

ered with the stately, long-leaved pine. In my youthful imagination the pines whispered a music all their own—a plaintive, sighing lullaby that charmed my childish ear. A number of old-fashioned flowers grew in the yard, such as cape jessamine, syringas, crape myrtle, roses and lilacs. On the creek banks nearby the magnolia, bay, yellow jessamine, honeysuckle and wild ivy grew in great fragrance and profusion.

A few miles away we had kind, congenial neighbors. The Flournoys, Hurts, Boykins and Phillips, with their families, were our special friends.

My parents were Methodists and members of Wesley Chapel, the nearest church. They worshipped here, always taking the older children with them. My father had a good voice and led the hymns in the services. He always held family prayer in the home and the children joined in the morning and evening hymn. He served as a soldier in the war with the Creek Indians and could relate many interesting incidents that occurred during that time. He read a great deal and

was familiar with the current events of the day. He was for years the only living representative of a large family. He died September 22, 1899, in his 79th year, and was buried in the cemetery in Hickory, Mississippi, by the side of my mother, who had "gone before."

I feel that I have lost a great deal in not being more familiar with the history of my father's family. Most of them lived in distant portions of the State and others had passed away before I was old enough to realize the meaning of family ties.

In the year 1862 my father and my grandfather Barnett moved their families to Auburn, Alabama, where they lived together until they went to Mississippi in 1865. Here they continued as one family as long as those grandparents lived. This blending of the two families leads me here to take up my maternal ancestors and state what I know of them, with some additional facts concerning our lives.

John and William Barnett (my great-grandfathers), were born in Amelia County,

Virginia. They were Quakers. They located and laid off lots in Danville and built fine mills there. The first engine on the Danville and Lynchburg railroad was called the "John Barnett." I have often heard my grandmother relate this incident. In 1897 my cousin, Mrs. Norwood, saw an engine on the North Carolina road of the same name.

These brothers served in the Revolutionary War. I have official information on this point. I sent names and dates to the War Department at Washington and received this statement: "John Barnett was sergeant in Captain Benjamin Briggs company, Seventh Virginia Regiment; William Barnett was a soldier of the Thirteenth Virginia Regiment, commanded by Col. William Russell."

These men lived long and well. John was eighty-one years old when he died and William was seventy-five. They both died in Leaksville, Rockingham County, North Carolina. John Barnett was born in the year 1752. February 23, 1772, he married

Lucy Medlock. Their children are: William Barnett, born March 26, 1773, and died in 1812. Ann Barnett, born April 4, 1775. John Barnett, Jr., born February 28, 1778, and died in 1812. Mary Barnett, born December 18, 1780, died in 1785. James Barnett, born August 23, 1783, died in 1835. Thomas Barnett, born February 23, 1786; (married Miss Southerland, of Danville, Virginia). Nathaniel Barnett, born August 25, 1788, died in 1842. Elizabeth (or Betsy) Barnett, born January 23, 1792. *Lucy Barnett*, born in Danville, Virginia, October 15, 1794, died October, 1886. Robert Barnett, born May 31, 1818, died in 1825.

In May, 1822, Lucy Medlock, the mother of these children and wife of John Barnett, Sr., died. In 1823 he married Mary ———. Job Barnett was the only child by this marriage, born November 29, 1824, and died in 1825. Mary, his mother, died the same year. John Barnett, Sr., died November 24, 1833, in the 81st year of his age.

Of these children, Lucy Barnett was my grandmother (my mother's mother). Her sister Elizabeth (or Betsy), many years afterwards, lived in Alabama near the home of my grandparents. When I was a child I visited her in her home at Lamington. She married Dr. Pleasant Phillips. Some of her descendants live in Columbus and other portions of Georgia.

William Barnett, Sr., was born April 14, 1756. On February 10, 1778, he married Fanny Jones; the date of her birth is March 2, 1758. These two are my great-grandparents on my grandfather Barnett's side. Their children are Rebekah Barnett, born March 8, 1779; James Barnett, born September 2, 1780, died in 1782. Nancy Barnett, born October 17, 1782, died in 1790. Richard Davis Barnett, born January 15, 1785. John Barnett, Jr., born August 31, 1787, died in 1790. Fanny Barnett, born December 2, 1789. William Barnett, Jr., (my grandfather), born January 25, 1793, died in October, 1886. Betsy Davis Barnett, born November 6, 1795. ——— Bar-

nett, born January 2, 1798, died when three weeks old. Polly Barnett, born January 1, 1800, and died in 1825. William Barnett, Sr., the father of these children, died February 3, 1831, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. Fanny Jones, his wife, came with my grandfather when he moved to Alabama and made her home with him until her death September 21, 1845. She was eighty-seven years old. She was buried in the family lot near the old Alabama home.

It may puzzle the casual reader to understand why I have two Barnett ancestors. William Barnett (my grandfather) married his cousin Lucy Barnett (my grandmother). Their devotion to each other through seventy years of wedded life was beautiful and touching.

William Barnett was born in Louisa County, Virginia, January 25, 1793. On December 24, 1816, he married his cousin, Lucy Barnett, the date of her birth is October 15, 1794. Their children are, John N. Barnett, born May 10, 1818; married Lucy Pitts in September, 1845. James E. Bar-

nett, born December 10, 1819, married Lucy Lamar in January, 1843. His second wife was Mary A. Perry. On December 27, 1864, he was killed in a cyclone in Auburn, Ala., while wounded and on a leave of absence from the Confederate service. Ann Eliza Barnett, born November 30, 1821, married George W. Harper on January 19, 1842, died November 19, 1895. William E. Barnett, born February 12, 1824; married Julia Spyker in August, 1848; died June 13, 1860. Robert R. Barnett, born June 17, 1826, married Mary Alford in April, 1856; died time unknown. In April, 1828, ——— Barnett was born and died while an infant. Lucy F. Barnett, born March 22, 1829; married Algernon S. Glenn in October, 1853; died August 28, 1861. Alexander H. Barnett, born July 6, 1832; married Margaret Bryant in July, 1855, a Confederate soldier, contracted fever while in camp in Virginia, was brought to his home in Opelika, Ala., where he died September 20, 1862. Richard S. Barnett, born July 29, 1834; never married; a Confederate soldier, a member of

Waddell's Artillery, lost his life May 21, 1863, during the siege of Vicksburg, Miss.; buried in the cemetery at Vicksburg and his grave marked.

Just how long my grandfather William Barnett remained in Virginia after his marriage, I do not know. He went from that State to Leaksville, Rockingham County, North Carolina, where he built a large flour mill. He was also engaged in the cultivation of tobacco.

The music of whirling wheels and buzz saws seemed to have had a peculiar fascination for these grandsires of mine. The taste and talent for this line of work appears to have descended from sire to son. A fondness for mechanics has developed in my own boys, and the grandsons are eager for playthings where "wheels go round."

My mother, Ann Barnett, was born in Leaksville, and finished her education in an old Moravian College in Salem, N. C. My uncle, William Barnett, graduated at Chapel Hill, the university of that State.

Grandfather served as a soldier in the war of 1812. As far back as I can recall he was known as "Major Barnett," which I suppose was his rank in the army.

From North Carolina grandfather came to Alabama and located in Russell County, five miles from Crawford, the county seat. He bought a plantation and was successful in the cultivation of cotton, as this locality seemed favorable to the growth of that crop. All other products usually grown on a farm were cultivated. True to his first love he built a grist and lumber mill on the waters of Uchee creek, near by. His residence was beautifully situated in a large oak grove and here he surrounded himself with the comforts and conveniences of a country home. Columbus, Georgia, a good market (just across the Chattahoochee River), was only twelve miles away. There were few neighboring families, but they were hospitable and refined.

Grandmother was, in every way, a true helpmate to her husband. He had great

confidence in her judgment and they worked together to solve the many problems of life.

Their slaves were well housed in good quarters and given every attention, grandmother superintending the cutting and making of their clothes and caring for them in times of sickness.

My grandfather was a man of strong native mind, self-reliant, energetic and successful in his business enterprises. He was a staunch Whig, a great reader and kept himself well informed on the issues of the day. He was ever an active member and steward of the Methodist church.

For more than twenty years grandfather had lived in Alabama. His cotton lands were well worn, so he thought best to remove to more productive fields.

About the year 1860, after an investigating trip out West, he bought a plantation in Newton County, Mississippi, near the little railroad town of Hickory. He removed his negroes to this place and commenced operations in this new field.

In the meantime the Civil War was upon us. The guns of Sumter had opened the conflict, our beautiful Southland was a battlefield.

My grandparents had four sons who enlisted under the Confederate flag and now stood with their faces to the foe. The wearing suspense and intense mental anxiety of these dear old people for the welfare of their boys seemed little less than torture. Still clinging, however, to a strong, uplifting faith they went bravely on to meet the issues of the future.

Grandfather, with my father's family, moved to Auburn, Alabama, until there should come some change in the tide of hostilities and to place my four young brothers in school. Here he remained until the surrender at Appomattox in 1865, when he went to the Mississippi plantation.

The Federal troops had made several raids near the home and finally devastated the place, taking with them the negroes, teams, stock and supplies—in fact, everything except the land.

Grandfather was now growing old; the ravages of war had wrought great hardship and disaster for him; but the same fearless, determined spirit that had helped him in past experiences came to his aid now as he struggled to take up again the battle of life.

Here in the pine lands he built a steam saw and gristmill and rented his plantation to tenants. In this home he lived in quietude and comfort until October, 1886, when he peacefully passed away, in the ninety-third year of his age.

Grandmother was naturally reserved in manner, but with a heart warm and loyal to all family ties and hands ever ready to help those who needed help. There was only an interval of three days between her death and that of my grandfather. She was in the ninety-second year of her age. For seventy years these two made life's journey together and now after the sunset they sleep side by side in the cemetery near Hickory.

“ 'Till like a clock worn out with beating
time,

The weary wheels of life at last stood still.”

I have written at this length of my grandparents because I was their oldest grandchild and passed some of my happiest days with them. For several years we lived under the same roof, so I learned to know and love them.

Their oldest daughter Ann Eliza, was my mother. She was my childhood's ideal of motherhood. As the years lengthened and I lived in new eras and gathered modern views, I never had cause to replace my ideal. It is as much my precious legacy to-day as in earlier life.

My mother was my teacher, the best I ever had. When I was ten years of age I was sent away to school. She, like a true mother, also taught me to knit, sew, and some details of house work. She was very patient and often when I failed to do my best, had to begin all over again. I now see the wisdom of her teaching. Often in the quiet evening hour she would call me to her knee and read to me good books and papers, drawing out child-like expression of thoughts and feelings.

She endeavored to impress upon the character of her children true and practical ideas of life, thus preparing us to meet and cope with the experiences of the years that lay before us. Hers was a quiet, gentle nature, always true and loving. Her home was her world, and her sweet presence there a blessing to her family and friends. She was a devoted Christian. I knew her daily life and her standard was high.

“She looked well to the ways of her household,” but was never too busy to provide for the comfort and instruction of her servants.

During the Civil War grandmother and mother led busy lives knitting socks, spinning and weaving cloth for suits for our Southern soldiers. I well remember some very pretty home-spun dresses that were made for me and other members of the family.

For twenty years, in their Western home, my mother’s mission of loving, willing service, was in behalf of her dear parents, who were then failing and infirm.

In 1895 she visited me at my home in Atlanta and after an illness of several weeks passed to "mansions not made with hands." She was carried to Hickory, Mississippi, and rests in the cemetery there.

"A little pause in life while daylight lingers,
Between the sunset and the pale moon-
rise,
When daily labor slips from weary fingers
And soft gray shadows veil the aching
eyes."

The following extract is taken from the "Newton County Progress," the town paper. "Mrs. Harper was a faithful member of the Methodist church, and never tired of doing good for those around her. As a Sunday-school teacher she was foremost in the work and took great interest in leading her pupils the way to eternal life. They all loved her and the cause which she so persistently advocated. A good woman is gone and all Hickory mourns her departure."

On January 31, 1865, a week or two before my parents and grandparents moved to

Mississippi, I was married to Wilbur Fisk Glenn, a soldier in the Confederate army. For forty-eight years he and I have gone hand in hand together, and our lives have been so closely blended as that the events of my life have already been largely recorded in what he has written in the preceding part of this little book. Of course I had my individual duties, feelings and emotions, but they were such as would naturally spring out of a career like ours, and I need not record them here. Our experiences, our hopes and disappointments, our joys and sorrows have been one with us.

GENEALOGY

JAMES GLENN—ELIZABETH CALLAHAN.

Mary Glenn—William Gober; Jane Glenn—Abraham Roan; John Walker Glenn; Eunice Glenn—Aaron Sewell; Elizabeth Glenn—Joseph Hampton; Cynthia Glenn—Cornelius Shockley; Joshua Nicholas Glenn—Sarah Wingfield; Letitia Glenn—Benj. Parker; James Russell Glenn—Ann Williams.

JOHN WALKER GLENN—MARY JONES.

Frances Asbury; Eliza Ann; Elizabeth; Mary Eveline; Joshua Nicholas; Martha Jane; John Wesley; James Russell; Emily Caroline; Wilbur Fisk.

FRANCIS ASBURY GLENN—MARTHA McCULLOCH.

Mary Glenn; Sallie Glenn Smith; John Glenn; James Glenn; Mattie Glenn; Ned Glenn; Lizzie Glenn.

ELIZA ANN GLENN—JEFFERSON PEARCE.

John W. Pearce; Clara Pearce Power; Lou Pearce; Lizzie Pearce Ramspeck; Mollie Pearce; Pauline Pearce; Jefferson Pearce.

Elizabeth Glenn died in early girlhood and was buried in Jefferson, Ga.

Mary Eveline Glenn remained single, and died in 1903 and was buried in West View, Atlanta.

JOSHUA NICHOLAS GLENN—SALLIE JOHNSON.

Seaborn Glenn; Walker Glenn; Henry Glenn.

Martha Jane Glenn remained single, died in 1873, and was buried in Cave Spring, Ga.

JOHN WESLEY GLENN—MARY ORR.

Lula Glenn Davenport; Frank Glenn; George Glenn.

JAMES RUSSELL GLENN—MARY WINSHIP.

Anna Glenn; Leila Glenn Gray; Russell Glenn, Jr.; Irene Glenn; Viola Glenn Bramlett; Flora Glenn Keyser; Rosalie Glenn Manry.

EMILY CAROLINE GLENN—WILLIAM WOODSON.

William Woodson, Jr.; Lizzie Woodson; Frank Woodson.

WILBUR FISK GLENN—FLORA HARPER.

Lucy Glenn; Thomas K. Glenn; Walker Glenn; William H. Glenn; Mattie Glenn Moody; Mary Glenn; John F. Glenn; Flora Glenn Candler; Sidney G. Glenn; Frank Glenn.

Lucy Glenn was born April 17th, 1866, and died October 24th, 1871. Buried at Cave Spring, Ga.

THOMAS KEARNEY GLENN—AGNES RAOUL.

Wadley Raoul Glenn and Wilbur Fisk Glenn, Jr.

WALKER GLENN—LILY MARX.

Julian Wilbur Glenn and Walker Harry Glenn.

WILLIAM HARPER GLENN—ANNE FITTEN.

John Fitten Glenn.

MATTIE GLENN—CHARLES W. MOODY.

Charles Glenn Moody.

Mary Glenn was born July 27, 1876, and died August 6, 1891. Buried at West View, Atlanta.

JOHN FISK GLENN—MABEL POWERS.

Jay Powers Glenn.

FLORA HARPER GLENN—CHAS. HOWARD CANDLER.

Chas. Howard Candler, Jr.; Catherine Candler; Mary Louisa Candler.

Sidney Gilbert Glenn, born August 11, 1883.

Frank Glenn, born May 27, 1886, died August 21, 1886.

